A DEMOCRAT AND STAR OF THE NO

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es, without advertisement, twenty, ICR -12 Shive's Block, Corner of Main

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Taxing of sects till late one eve, Of the various destrines the saints believe. That night I stood in a troubled dream, By the side of a durally flowing stream.

and a "Churchman" down the rivercame.
When I heard a strange voice cull his name
Good father, stup; when you cross this tide.
You must leave your rooms on the other side."

or the aged father did not mind, ad his long gown floated out belieut, a down to the atream his way he took, is pale hands clasping a gift edged book, "I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there, I shall want my book of Common Prayer; And though I put on a starry crown. I should feel quite lost without my gown,"

Then he fixed his eye on the bining track, But his gown was heavy, and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain,

single step in the fl. od to gasn.

I saw him again on the other side.
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blisaful spot,
Whether he held god to "the Church" or not. down to the river a Gnaker strayed, dress of a spher true was made; y cost and hat must be all of gray, and go any other way."

Then he buttoned his cont straight up to his chin, And staidly, solemply, waded in, And his brend-heliumed but he pu'led down tight Over his forchead, so cold and white. fut a strong wind seried away his but ;

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms Tred nicely up to his aged arms. And hymns us unty, a very wise thing. That the people is beaven, "all round," might sing

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh, As he saw that he river can board and high. And looked rather surprised as, one by one, The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went cown. And after him, with his MSS...

Came Westey, the pattern of godiness.

But he cried. "Dear me, what shall I do I
The water has soaked them through and through"

was there on the river, far and wide, was they went down the awotlen tide, and the saint astonished, passed through alone, Vithout his munuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name, But as they supped at the siver's brink,

rickled or plunged, may I ask you, friend, w you attained to life's great end it was, with a few disps on my brow."
It I have been disped, as you'll see me now. And I really think it will hardly do.

A I'm close communion' to cross with you; fou're bound. I know, to the realms of this fur you must go that way, and I'll go this." Thee straightway plunging with all his might, Away to the left—his friend at the right, Apart they went from this world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

nd now, when the river was rolling on.
I reshyterran church went down;
I women there seemed an innumerable throng,
for the men I could count as they pussed along.

And converting the road, they could sever agree, The old or the same way, which it could be, Nor ever a moment parend to think That both would lead to the rever's brink, And a sound of marinaring long and loud Came ever up from the moving crow I.
"You're te the old way, and I'm in the new.
That is the false, and this is the true."—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and yon're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true." The is the false, and this is the true,"
But the brethern only seemed to speak,
Modert the nisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chimeed to my
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to gass to the other side,
Nor feared to gross over the swelling tide.
A voice arose from the brethern then;
"Let no one speak but the hely men;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silence all !"

A Wonderful Memory. The learned Bishop Jewel, who died in 1571, was blessed with a most wonderful memory. He could exactly repeat what he had written at any former period after once reading it. During the ringing of the bell for public worship he could commit to memory a whole seemon, and pronounce it without hesitation. His usual custom was to write were they, after a few minutes, im-on his mind, that he used to say that a and after once or twice readthem all backward and forward. In the year of 1563 Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, having read to him from Erasmus Paraphrase the last clauses of ten lines, confused and imperfect, with the view of more fully trying his gift, sitting silent awhile, and covering his head with his hand, he rehearsed all the broken parts the right way and the reverse without hesitation. He professed to teach this art to others, and so introduced his tutor. Dr. Parkhurst, at Zurice,

COMMUNICATIONS. Abolitionists and Abolitionism.

NO 9.

MESSAS, EDITORS:—The Abolitionists are unwilling, perhaps incapable, of learning wisdomfrom the Fathers, or their Democratic wisdom from the Fathers, or their Democratic descendants, and therefore do not dispense justice and judgment and equity among white men, nor the States of this Union. They are subtle, and simple, and have no discretion ways occupid in Mrs. Covey's house, but on the strain ne was expicted. It was late in the red was expicted. It was late in the evening, and having entered by means of his night key, and finding nobody stirring, he walked leisurly up to his room. "Sh," Jane

wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent and slay the Democrats without cause; let us swallow them up alive, as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit." "We Abolitionists shall then find all precious substance, let us fill our houses with spoils from the South, such as pianos, melodeons, organs, violins, guitars, fifes, drums and jewshaps, marble-topped bureaus, rosewood bedsteads, stands and tables, looking glasses large and small, clocks, gold and silver watches, gold and silver watches, gold and silver watches, gold and silver cream pitchers, whis-bowls and tongs, silver cream pitchers, whissilver spoons, knives and forks, silver sugar bowls and tongs, silver cream pitchers, whiskey, wine and brandy, rich and beautiful paintings, maps, valuable books, important documents, shoes and boots, for "honest old Abe's stationery," photographs, keepsakes, mementoes of gold and silver, rings, breast pins, lockets, laces, silks, shawls, broadcloths, good clothes of all kinds, fast horses, plated harness and saddles, fine carriages, carpets, money and other valuables too numerous to mention. "They cry, "Cast in thy lot among us 'loyalists,' let us 'leaugers' all have one purse, and while we shriek for the Union, we will fill our purse from the

lay in wait and lurk secretly to destroy their own race. Such are the ways of the Abolitionists, for they are all greedy of unjust gains, and take away the rights, and even

the lives of others to obtain that property.

How long, you fanatical Abolitionists, will you love Abolitionism and the nigger, and hate white men and women, who will not bow down and worship your idol? How long will you scorn the Constitution and the Union of the States have the one and do.

"Margaret Maria's laugh, false!" groaned Mr. Derby. would do nothing but sigh and my absence—and hear her! all again—the false hearted—

Mr. Derby's reflections were the states have the one and do.

Will you Abolitionists forever contemn the flag, and with Horace Greeley assail it as a the Union, and adore the flag, our national and his ears pinned back. ensign, the "red white and blue."

"Woe unto you hypocrites! for you are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of extortion, excess and all uncleanness. "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for you com-pass sea and land to make one proselyte; Derby be amused if he knew—" and when he is made an Abolitionist you make him two-fold more the child of hell omit the weightier matters of your own law, a goose? and persistently neglect to pay taxes on the gold and silver watches, plate, pianos, and all the other valuables you stole from the old South, this tax you ought to pay, but the oysters with Dan Robbins other you might leave undone." "Woe "I only hope," added M unto you hypocrites! you devour widows' will keep away a week longer. houses, and out of pretence your priests make long prayers, but for all this shall you blowing vipers, how can you escape the dain-nation of hell?" But I apprehend your Derl official days are numbered; you deceivers have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Therefore the people will turn you disunion Abolitionists out of office, and send honest men to fill your places. And the people will laugh at your calamity, they will mock when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a

whirlwind, and distress and anguish shall overtake you. Then will the people say, "down, down you demons in human shape, down to hell, and tell your father, the devil, of whom you are, and whose works you will do, tell him that we, the people, sent you thither, we

who neither pity, love, nor fear you."
You disumon Abolitionists being thus disposed of, the Democracy and other Conservative men will reign supreme; the North and the South be again united, and that Union, as it existed in the "hearts and affec-

DOMINIE BROWN'S FIRST KISS .- He had reached the age of five and forty without having taken part in this libial exercise. One of his deacons had a very charming laughter, and for a year or two the Dominie found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week, in fact, the neighbors

or four times a week, in fact, the neighbors said that he was courting her, and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself. On Monday evening, he was sitting as usual by her side, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Miss Mary, said he, "I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before, but now I would like you to give me a kiss! Will you?" "Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way "if you think it would not be wrong, I would have no objections."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands. "For what we are about to receive, the Lord

sh and read make us thankful." The chaste salute was then given, and warmly returned. "Oh, May the control of the crossers are of six inches and I shall be fixed. Here, black my upper lip with this piece of ccal. I shan't make love to you. Ha! ha! aint I a dashing fellow?"

then given, and warmly returned. "Oh, Mary, that was good!" cried the Dominie, electrified by a new sensation, "let us have another and then return thanks."

Mary did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy: "For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good!"

History says that the fervent petitions of the honest Dominie was duly answered, for, in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.

An honest Logansport German got excited over the elopement of a married woman, and exclaimed, "If my vife rans away mit anoder man's vife, I will shake him out of her tiltings and vaterfall if she be mine fader mine Got."

THE VICTIMIZED LODGER.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Benjamin F. Derby returned to town and to his lodgings at Mrs. Covey's rather

They say, "Come with us, let us lay in wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the in-

In no very good humor Mr. Derby began to undress. To return home after an absence of two weeks, and to be obliged to go to bed in such a dismal manner, almost broke his heart. He might have rung for the servants it is true, and he might have reflected that his friends were excusable since they did not expect him. But Mr. Derby chose to renot expect him; but Mr. Derby chose to remain angry and silent.
"And where is Margaret Maria?" mut-

cloths, good clothes of all kinds, fast horses, plated harness and saddles, line carriages, carpets, money and other valuables too numerous to mention. "They cry, "Cast in thy lot among us 'loyalists,' let us 'leaugers' all have one purse, and while we shriek for the Union, we will fill our purse from the treasury of the nation, and the Southern States."

But I say unto the Democrats, and all other patriots, walk not in the way with those traitors, refrain your feet from their Abolition paths, for their feet run to evil, and that continually, and they make haste to shed the blood of white men; yea they lay in wait and lurk secretly to destroy their

"Margaret Maria's laugh, by all that is false!" groaned Mr. Derby. "She said she would do nothing but sigh and weep during my absence—and hear her! ah, she laughs

Mr. Derby's reflections were suddenly inwill you scorn the Constitution and the Union of the States, burn the one, and de-With considerable trepidation he flew to lock nounce the other as a "league with death the door, but before he could reach ita merand a covenant with hell?" ry laugh, a blaze of light and two girls burst would have followed her, but Susan, in her

Now Mr. D. was a very modest person. "flaunting lie," and "hate's polluted rag," and it was a lucky circumstance for him that and exhort its enemies to "tear it down" and the closet door, was ajar, and retreat conve-"deep sink it in the waves," and yet, from the most corrupt and selfish motives you of sight before the girls had time to cast their pretend to leve the Constitution, and respect | eyes about them, and soon the door was shut

"What time do you suppose it is?" asked Margaret Maria. "There, the bells are striking twelve. Oh, hain't we had a gay time, Susan?" "Gay enough," was Susan's reply. "Ha!

'Ha! ha, ha," laughed Margaret, Maria "My poor, dear, absent Derby! That i than yourselves." Woe unto you hypo- too good; if he knew, poor fellow, it would crites! for you pay tithe of mint and anise break his heart. He thinks I do nothing but and cumin into your own party treasury, but sigh and cry during his absence. Am I such

Oh, groaned Derby nainfully interested. "Such a goose!" echoed Suc. "He would men and helpless women and children in the not think so if he had seen you eating the "I only hope," added Margaret, "that h

"So that we can have this room?" make long prayers, but for all this shall you "No-not exactly that-but Dan has in-receive the greater damnation. You are vited me to go to a ball on Thursday night, blind guides who strain at a gnat and swal- and you know I couldn's go if my poor, dear, low a negro. Ye serpents, ye generations of absent Derby, should come back in the mean-

Derby was trembling with cold and wrath "You mean to marry Derby, then?" asked "I suppose I shall," said Margaret gaily. 'I like to flirt with Dan, and if he had as many dollars as my poor, dear, absent Derby

"You would choose Dan?" "To be sure I would. He ain't such such a fool as "Derby. Ha! ha! But what's this? coat, a pair of pantaloons!" "Goodnes: gracious! How did they come

Derby was trembling with excitement— burning with rage, but now he felt a new source of uneasiness. The discovery of his pantaloons might lead to the discovery of himself. Had he been dressed, he woul have liked nothing better than to confront the perfidious Margaret-but for the present it was not to be thought of. He felt himself tions of the American people," be again restored to bless the world through the talent and honesty of its statesmen, and the purity and patriotism of our whole people.

JEFFERSON.

Was not to be thought of. He left filmself blushing all over, in spite of the cold. To be thought of the cold to be the cold to be thought of the cold to be the cold to

"I'll tell you what I will do, Sue. dress myself in these clothes, and go into the widow Slade's room. She'll think it's a man and won't she be frightened?" "Frightened? No," said Susan. "She's had two husbands. But do it. See what

she will say." "I will. Here, help me, Suc. Ha! ha! And here's a hat too. How kind in some-body to leave all his clothes here." Derby, poor, dear, present Derby, was breathing very hard, his heart beat heavily, and every nerve shook. What the deuce was he to do if Margaret went off with his pants he could in no way determine; and from the exceedingly interesting conversa-

tion which was going on, he knew that his worst fears were to be malized.
"Oh! ain't it a fit," cried Margaret.— "Only turn up the trousers five or six inche

to her indignation. The adventurers next | Grand Campaign Speech for the proceeded to the attic, where the girls were sound asleep. Susan having placed the lamp in the passage, hid behind the door, while Margaret entered, and awoke Jane Woods with a violent shower of kisses. Jane sooner than he was expected. It was late in uttered a faint scream, and demanded in a

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1866.

whisper—
"Who are you?"
"Sh," said Margaret.
Jane hushed accordingly, until she saw the strange figure proceeding to Mary Clark's pillow, when she concluded it was her duty to scream. Mary screamed too, after she had been several times kissed, and Sarah Jones joined in the chorus, until her mouth was stopped by a hasty buss.

vance, a speech for negro advocates in the coming campaign which will, no doubt, be a bombshell in the camps of the Johnsonites, and a scatterer of the "ignorant," "nasty" "Copperheads," who praised the President for vetoing the Negroes Bureau Bill. Here it is in full:

My Belubbed Friends.—De tex on dis 'stressin 'casion am dese stirrin and heart bustin obserwations:

What's de Freeman's Bureau pow!

was stopped by a hasty buss.

"Is it you, George?" she whispered.

At this moment the strange figure, which had been seen by the light in the passage, ran out, and Susan, catching up the lamp,

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried in pretended astonishment. "There's been a man in the room." "He was kissing Sarah Jones."
"He didn't kiss me. He was kissing

Mary Clark.' "Me! I guess I would have torn his eyes out. It was Jane Woods he kissed."

Susan was very much astonished of course and the girls were all very indignant, and not one of them would confess that she had been kissed, until Susan pointed out the marks of the coal moustache on all their

the door behind him.

senses, all the boarders were astir; Susan de dire question, "Whar's de Buro now?" rushed into Mrs. Slade's room, and Margaret her mother's door, and her mother hearing the alarm, appeared at that moment, and terrified by the coal moustache and smashed hat, took her daughter for the robber, drophed her lamp and screamed fearfully. Margaret, as much frightened as her mother, would have caught her in her arms, but Mrs. her daughter to approach, but pushed her out of the room with great trepidation.— Then Margaret ran to Derby's room, which she found locked. At that moment, Ned Perkins-the oldest man in the house-rushed out of his room with a lamp in one hand and a sword cane in the other, ready drawn for combat. Ned flew at the supposed robber, and would have seized her in an instant, if she had not properly seen fit to faint at the sight of his naked sword and legs, and

Anybody can imagine the scene of confusion which followed. The imprudent girl found herself surrounded by half a dozen half-dressed figures, some wondering, some trembling with terror. But it was the severest cut for Margaret, when the door of Derby's room opened, and the tall apparition appeared. As soon as the screaming had subsided the figure removed its veil.

"Den't be frighted, Margaret," he said,
"it's nobody but 'your poor, dear, absent
Derby.' That's all." Can you fancy her feelings? Mr. Derby could, as he entered the room again, locked the door, and went to bed overjoyed at what had occurred. He slept soundly, and awoke about as weighty arguments as abolition orin the morning as completely cured of his love for Margaret, as if he had seen her

turned into a grizzly bear. the boxes and counted. They stood : Clymer..... Geary......1,447

perate efforts to get the painting for their candidate. They wrote to negro suffrage men all over the country, beseeching aid, on account of "this being Geary's own country," &c. They worked and begged day and night, but all to no purpose. The friends of Clymer were also quietly at work, and we congratulate them on the result of this con- haps have amounted to \$1,000,000 test as an indication of what may be expected this Fall in old Mother Cumberland. Stand to your guns, Democrats, and all will be well in October. - Carlisle Volunteer.

Baden, in Germany:

At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing. "I take a cold shower bath every morning when at home," said John Bull. "So do I," reat home," said John Bull. "Winter and torted Brother Jonathan. Summer," continued the Englishman. "My is called the "Silverina," from its being system exactly," said the Yankee. "Is made of silver. It is composed of a silver they go wrong.

low?"

And Derby could hear somebody kissing somebody and somebody laughing as if she could not help it.

A moment after the girlshadleft the room, Derby stole timidly from his hiding place.

Margaret had taken the lamp and his clothes with her; she had left darkness and herown clothes behind. A happy thought struck unhappy Derby. In all haste he enrobed himself in Margarets gown, then he put her shawl over his shoulders, and threw on her boomet and veil. In five minutes he was ready to follow the girls.

During this fine them was a great deal of laughing up stairs a little startled at first, but who took things very cooly, until she found out it was not a man after all, when she virtuously gave vent.

Wooly-Heads!

WHAR, OH WHAR'S DE BURO NOW! The Bellefonte Watchman furnishes in advance, a speech for negro advocates in the

Whar's de Freeman's Bureau now!
My Culled 'Sciples:—Boyd, de American
ob African 'cent, am heah befoah de house ob extreme discouragement. De culled popy-lashum has been skewished by Mr. Johnsing whose front name am Ander. His vetoes have stopped on to our apiration and de Freedman's Buro am clean done gone an busted foreber. De kloven huff ob de indiwidual which his last cognomen is Johnsing, hab made distinkly visible to de unkivered obtics ob de public. Dat is to say—you can see it wid de naked eye, without de aid ob a xelyscope. He is de Moses Iscarot ob dese

degenerated days.
My frenz, who's dis Johnsing? say? He was nuffin but a tailor, yes, gemmen and folks, he came from a low straxhum, and his pa-runts of his father's side was old Johnsing,

My frenz, You'll excuse de wraf and in-dignashun dars in de veins ob de honorable way in darkness to the head of the bed. At this moment a merry laugh, close to his chamber door, startled him. Mr. Derby paused.

Never were two mischer makers more right ened by an apparition. Susan dashed hereal dignashun dars in de veins ob de honorable and down came the lamp. The oil covered the stairs, and Margaret fainted and stepped to say me. But I cannot distrain de powtos in the stairs, and Margaret fainted and stepped to say me. But I cannot distrain de powtos in the stairs, and Margaret fainted and stepped to say me. and eloquent speaker who is now speakin Chorus: Hurrah, Columbia's sons, &c. in it. At that moment the tall woman-be-ing Derby himself-cried- cried to my brain. De krisis has cum. De sister ing Derby himself—cried—
"Robbers! help! murder!" at the top of his voice, and stepped into his room, locking and de bery earth quakes, de stars emit flashes ob indignant thunder, de bery uniwerse Before Margaret recovered her scattered trembles, and boundless 'mensity echoes back

My hearers. De young man eloquent must terror shut her out. Next Margaret tried rest here, he has fought de good fite, but he's gone in. Look at dese tattered garments, all worn to shreds in de noble cause ob de Freedman's Buro, which Johnsing tramped into wid de-as I may, say, de stern heel ob despotism! Wherefore dis excitement, you may ask. De answer am here. Overpowered sentimentally, overburdened with other Covey would hear no explanation, nor allow hefty grief! My day is run, my occupashun forgotten: gone, for de text says :

"Whar's de Buro now?" But my followers; Neber gib up de ship. Boyd will neber fail. When de earthquake shall have ceased, when de storm shall hab spent its fury, and de tempast hushed to spent its fury, and de tempast hushed to of. Well, I took the paper to my corner, and, although it was all in very small print and de giant ob terror, dismay and disand tried my eyes very much, I read it every much, I read it every much. traction hab returned to de dim caverns ob dere abode, dere in the midst obde ruin shall be seen dis hummel indiwidual, umbrel in fall down before Mr. Derby's room. Her hat now came off, her hair streamed down her neck, and Ned recognized Margaret. coat, yellin eloquence to de natives, dis tex. "Whar's de Buro now?"

Brudder Delaun Gray will proceed to colect de revenue in de usual way, while de conegation jines in dis highly edifying hymn-

Oh! giggle, goggle jumpacross, Dat am berry good, Den dis brudder steal a hoss, And ride him to de woods! Jiggle, goggle, possum fat, Hop de dooden dow, I'se got a lovely Thomas cat,

O! Whar's de Buro now. While many may think that the speech will not be very appropriate for campaign purposes, yet it will be found to contain just ators generally use.

STRAWS, &c .- At a festival held in Me-CLYMER GETS THE PAINTING.—At a fair chanicsburg, the blackest hole, (in a political sense,) in Cumberland county, an engravfor the benefit of the Presbyterian church at | ing of Washington was put up to be voted Mechanicsburg, last week, an oil painting of | for by the respective friends of Hon. Hiester George Washington was put up to be voted Clymer and Gen. Geary. The friends of for at ten cents a vote. The understanding Clymer took the picture by a majority of nine was that the painting was to be presented to hundred and sixty votes! It will be recolthe candidate for Governor having the lected that this is the same Old Mother Cumlargest number of votes. The Clymer tick-ets were deposited in one box, and the Geary tenths of the honorably discharged soldiers tickets in another. The voting was kept up of the Federal army have cast their votes in with great spirit for three days, and on Sat- Convention against him and his Rump Disurday evening the tickets were taken from union supporters. "Comment is unnecessa-

AWKWARD LEGISLATION. - A number of liquor dealers in Massachusetts had been con-perate efforts to get the painting for their a new law changing the penalty for the of-

EVERYthird "Republican" you meet pro fesses to be opposed to Negro Suffrage. So far so good. Now, who is the representative of the Negro Suffrage party in Pennsylvania? A Sponge Bath.—Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following. Wm. D. Kelley, John M. Broomal and the which occurred in his presence recently at balunce of the Negro Suffrage Congressmen, for Governor of Pennsylvania? The answer is, without the shadow of a doubt, John W. Geary. How, then, can "Republicans" "I who are opposed to Megro Suffrage, vote

A NEW style of head-dress is just out. It

For the Democrat and Star. CAMPAIGN SONG .- No. 1.

BY RAVEN.

Air-Jefferson and Liberty.

Ye Democrats be wide awake, And of the times advantage take; On this Campaign there's much at stake, Your country's Liberty.
We've stood together in many a storm,
And often felt the Tyrant's arm,
But now we need not feel alarm,
For we shall soon be free.

Hurrah, Columbia's sons, Hurrah, One effort more and we are free. We'll vote for Clymer and the law, For Constitutional Liberty.

We've battled for each freeman's right, Though sometimes worsted in the fight, We never yet have lost the sight
Of white men's Liberty.
The Constitution and the laws,
Have been the objects of our cause, And we're determined ne'er to pause

Until success we see. CHORUS: Hurrah, Columbia's sons, &c.

To no false issue turn aside, But on the rock of Truth abide, Although Conservatives deride, And Radicals may rave. For principles and not for men, For Liberty and not for gain, For freedom's old and wide domain We labor now to save. CHORUS: Hurrah, Columbia's sons, &c.

Give credit for each manly act, Acknowledge every noble fact, Defend the right whene'er attacked, No matter done by whom. But to none we'll turn around. We say to all, wherever found, That on this old, time-honored ground

We welcome all that come. We'll join the true with heart and hand, To drive the tyrant's from the land, To oust the Abolition band

All things are working for the State, The "Rad's" do Andy Johnson hate, We'll have the Governor, sure as fate And the next President too. Спокия: Hurrah, Columbia's sons, &с.

This nigger loving crew.

Studying Politics under Difficulties.

An old farmer in the interior of Ohio writes to the Cincinnati Commercial, among other readable matters, the following, which is too good to be lost, and too true to be

One day, some time ago, John had been to the station for me and brought home a paper that was filled with a great many speeches, that had been made about a bill that our President had seen fit to disapprove ery bit. My good wife got tired of my forever sitting there, pouring over those long "borations," as she termed them, and said that I would do well to be reading my Bible more, and such productions less. "Wife," said I, "the kingdom of heaven isn't in any particular danger just now, but my country is." After that she said nothing more

about it to me. But the more I read in that paper the more bothered I became. I read a long speech by Mr. Henry Beecher, who seems to know so much about everything but divinity, and I liked it because he supported our President, and our President, I thought, must be in a very trying position now-a-days.

Then I was upset by Mr. Phillips, who went into Mr. B. like I have seen little boys

attack hornets' nests in the winter time "If such men differ," said I, "who will decide?" I had always before thought these two would agree though the earth split. Then I turned over the leaf wrong and

commenced on the latter part of somebody else's speech. I liked it so much that I read on and on until I finished it. "Surely," said I to myself, "surely we have got one good and true man in the land." The tone of the speech reminded me of the good oldfashioned "farewell address" of General Washington, and I thanked God and took

Then I hunted up the beginning of the speech, and could not believe my eyes when I saw Alex. H. Stephens' name to it. I thought it must be Thaddeus Stevens, as he was "Union," though the composition was very much unlike the style of the gentleman from Pennsylvania. "Wife," said I, "look here; my glasses are a little dim; is that Alex. H.?"

"Alex. H." said she. "Not Thaddeus," said I.
"Not Thaddeus," said she. "Is the last name spelt with a 'v,' or with

"Ph," said she, "and what are you read ing rebel speeches for, I'd like to know .-He's the Slice President of the Confedera- but what they practice that makes them cy, and ought to be hanged in a sour apple strong. tree instead of being loose and making borations." [My wife is a little nebulous about names

and titles, but she is a thorough-going Union woman, and hates rebels with a perfect hatred. She was chairman of an aid society during the war, and many a time I've waked up in the night and found her still sitting by the dying fire, knitting socks for the war. the dying fire, knitting socks for the poor soldiers who were "a lying out on the cold ground with nothing but their knapscats

and pontoons to cover them."] Then I found that the speech was addressed to the Georgia Legislature, and I knew that "Thad" would never take the trouble to tell erring people how to go right, though he is great on abusing them when

There are multitudes of men attached to the ideas and principles that are vulgarly called "Democratic," who are nursing the delusion that the Democratic party is going to carry the day in the next fall elections, by some kind of "manifest destiny." We wish to say all such that they are hugging to their their bosoms a most dangerous delusion. It is not numbers that win. It is organization. Through most of the States, and through most parts of every State, Democrats are as thoroughly disorganized a mass of voters as the demon of disorder could wish. We want, in time, to tell the Democratic party that a disastrous defeat is before them, next Fall, unless they bestir themselves betimes. The winking and nodding of Democratic political managers, at the last moment, will fail, as it has failed, most shamefully, in years lately past. Let us face the true position. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been deluded by Seward and his friends, into the absurd idea of building up a new party—neither Black Republican nor Democratic, but some terrium quid—some 'black neutral of the third sex.' If that game could win, President Johnson would, as a matter of course, be over-slaughed, and Seward would come out as the head of this party of 'the third sex.' It will be a failure. It cannot win, But, in the attempt, Seward

A Dangerous Illusion.

"the third sex." It will be a failure. It cannot win. But, in the attempt, Seward and his friends are bamboozing President Johnson. Seward & Co. are in mortal dread Johnson. Seward & Co. are in mortal dread of the Democratic party. They know that Democrats can accept Andrew Johnson as their candidate in 1868. They know that, under no circumstance, can they accept Seward, the ornamental head-piece of the "irrepressible conflict." Hence the efforts for the utter destruction of the Democratic party. President Johnson, so far, has fallen into their trap. He is not using his Executive patronage to promote his Executive programme. It is from no memory of our ancient traditions, when Washington and Jefferson, as Virginia freemen and gentlemen, refused to require the office holders of their administrations to support their policy. All such high notions are discarded now. It is done now, as a matter of political craft. The plain English of it is that President Johnson has men in his Cabinet who are plotting against him, personally, while by wily flatteries, they are binding him to their proceedings. Seward, and Stanton, and Speed, while pretending to differ from each other,

while pretending to differ from each other, all see eye to eye. They are all agreed in the plan of consigning Andrew Johnson to complete obscurity, at the close of his pres ent political term. Now, being an honest man, we will say, bluntly, that for Andrew Johnson, personally, we care not, as respects this world, one continental damn! We have no respect for

him, and never expect to have any. Were he to be declared President for life of the late United States, we would refuse to shake hands with him, except he could, in some marvellous manner, purge himself of com-plicity in the murder of Mrs. Surratt, Wirz, and various other innocent people. But, with all that, if he so showed himself as that there was a reasonable prospect that, henceforth, he would administer the Government of the United States in a manner advantageous to the common interests of all the States, we would work for his election as President in 1868, and again, in 1872, and again, in 1876,

if he desired it at that period.

That means that we look on the Presidential office in the United States Government as no post of honor! How can it be, after the execrable way it was handled by Lincoln, with Seward as his mentor? We look upon it as a constabulary duty to be discharged. Whoever discharges its du-

ties aright, we are in favor of keeping in for fear worse may happen by a change.

We mean to warn the Democratic party
that President Johnson is habitually bamboozled, and that the vast majority of the tremendous Executive patronage, in all the Departments, is used against the President, and against all the conservative principles of our Government. We wish to say, once more, and we will repeat it often hereafter Democrats must organize and enroll, and that

on a declared support of the few fundimen-tal first principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. The Democracy unorganized, in the va-rious localities, will be as the chaff before the wind. Our foes, the "Union Leagurers," are thoroughly organized. We say, in the most earnest terms, to Democrats, if you are not organized and enrolled, in your various neighborhoods-if you are trusting to the afflatus of public meetings for victory, you will be sadly disappointed.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A first-rate joke took place quite recently in our court-room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born.' The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said: 'You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born." Says she:-"I do." "Then," said the lawyer, "what did he do the first year?" "He milked," said she, and the lawyer evaporated.

REMEMBER, it is not what people eat but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain but what they save that makes them rich. It is not what they read but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess

A MAN got tipsy and indulged in a night's sleep in a country grave yard. On opening above my carcass.

THE latest style of bonnets has turned up at Richmond, Ind. It is described as "consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspensed at each of the four ends of the straws. Price \$19."

THE easiest way to get a living, says a vagabond poet, is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't con along, you are no worse off than before. A Western editor thinks that Hiram Pow-

ers is a swindler, because he chisled an un-fortunate Greek girl out of a block of marble. A FARMER being asked if his horses matched. Yes they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

THE man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country," is new generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.